Wellington Enterprise.

J. W. HOUGHTON, Prop'r.

WELLINGTON, : : OHIO.

A BROOK SONG.

I'm hastening from the distant hills
With swift and noisy flowing,
Nursed by a thousand tiny rills,
I'm ever onward going.
The willows can not stay my course,
With all their pliant wooing;
I sing and sing till I am hoarse,
My prattling way pursuing.
I kiss the pebbles as I pass,
And hear them say they love me,
I make obeisance to the grass
That kindly bends above me.
So onward through the meads and dells
I hasten, never knowing
The secret motive that impels,
Or whither I am going.

A little child comes often here
To watch my quaint commotion,
As I go tumbling, swift and clear,
Down to the distant ocean;
And as he plays upon my brink,
So thoughtless and so merry,
So full of noisy song, I think
The child is like me, very.
Through all the years of youthful play,
With no'er a thought of sorrow,
We, prattling, speed upon our way,
Unmindful of the morrow;
Aye, through these sunny meads and dells
We gambol, never knowing
The solemn motive that impels,
Or whither we are going.

And men come here to say to me:
"Like you, with weird commotion,
O little singing brooklet, we
Are hastening to an ocean;
Down to a vast and misty deep,
With fleeting tears and laughter,
We go, nor rest until we sleep
In that profound Hereafter.
What tides may bear our souls along,
What monsters rise appalling,
What distant shores may hear our song
And answer to our calling.
Ah, who can say! through meads and dells
We wander, never knowing
The awful motive that impels,
Or whither we are going!"

—*Eugene Field, in Spirit of the Times.*

FACE TO FACE.

A Fact Related in Seven Well-Told Fables.

BY R. E. FRANCILLON,

AUTHOR OF "A GREAT HEIRESS," "QUITS AT LAST," "A REAL QUEEN," "EARL'S DIVE," ETC., ETC.

FABLE THE SECOND.—CONTINUED.

He'll come and stay with us at Millport for a year, and take a holiday of his own; and when the year's out, and he is broken a bit out of his own ways, he'll stay on another, and another, and another, for as long as he's spared. He'll always be Blackthorn, of Leys Croft, you see; the land will always be his, whether he lives there or no, only the trouble will be off his hands. Do you see? He'll lose neither the land nor you. So the long and the short of it is, I'm off to-morrow to Hunchester to buy you a plain gold ring. We'll be married here, and then start for Millport, all three, as soon as Prestons' send down their man to see to the farm, and I've put him in the way. Darling, we will all be so happy there, as happy as the days are long.

And so she knew, or thought, as well as he. But she had grown so happy already during her season of troth-plight that she would willingly have lengthened it out without limit; and, now that *marriage* was brought face to face with her as a fact, the very idea of any greater happiness than the present assumed a sort of awe. One can but be happy—how can any change make us more?

But all he had urged, with the sort of eloquence that has nothing to do with words, was not to be denied. And then he had so plainly been thinking, if of her own wishes first, still, of her father next; he was royally generous, how could she even seem to be less, without shame?

"Stephen," she said, looking up into his face, "whatever you wish, I wish too. If trying will do it, you shall be the happiest man in the world."

"Darling! You'll make me that without trying," said he. "Give me your finger, please. No; not that, the fourth, of the left hand. Where's my measuring tape? Oh, here."

The surveyor got to work, and measured that vast estate which lies between the knuckles and the first joint of the fourth finger of the left hand of a girl.

The morning after this happy evening, Farmer Marrish, though it was but eight o'clock, had gone over well-nigh every inch of every field, had seen every man and woman at his and her task, and had done a good deal of hard head-work besides. For he was one of those farmers, rare and often misunderstood folk in those simple times, who put brains into the soil. He never did a single thing without knowing the reason why; and so (though this does not by any means follow) he prospered while others failed. So one can only judge that the brains he used were excellent brains. Returning to the house, a square, squat, stone building, without a green leaf about it to break its stare, and standing between a straw-yard and a garden without a blossom, he cooked for himself, in a sauce-pan, about a pint of exceedingly thin gruel, and ate it, from the same vessel, with an iron spoon. The meal was cheap, if not satisfying; but then there was the gratification of feeling, with every mouthful, that it might have been beef or bacon, so that, not being either, at every mouthful something was saved, and therefore something gained. There was nobody to wait upon him, for Farmer Marrish kept no more hands about house or land than were needful for profitable work, and what profit could there be in keeping a cook or parlor-maid when he had hands of his own, and only his own mouth to feed? He had breakfasted on that thin gruel, getting thinner and thinner, every day since he was one and twenty, and, though it made the body lank, it made the pocket swell. He dined mostly on bread and cheese, or cold bacon, that wanted no cooking at all, except on Sunday, when he made potatoes and the week's odds and ends into a hot stew, to avoid waste; and he supped on gruel again, with a single tumbler of rum. He did keep ale for his men, because in those days to work on water was a thing undreamed of; but even those ready and uncritical omnibibants, who held as a general rule that beer was beer, were driven to grumble, at times, of the smallness of Welstead brew. He would dine with a neighbor when invited, and would then spare no expense, since the expense was not his own; but he kept no company at all. It need hardly be said, seeing that half the parish at least, and not a few of the tradesmen of Hunchester, were in his debt, that nobody in all that country was more respected than he; nay, it was whispered that he had the vicar himself under his thumb, and that he could buy up the Digbys themselves, who constituted the aristocratic element of that part of the world. Nobody had ever got the better of him in a bargain, and no eyes had ever seen the color of his money except his own.

And yet this man, sordid and grasping as he was, and apparently with no thought beyond adding guinea to guinea and field to field, was made by nature with passions of all kinds of intensity such as is given to few to feel. If one side of him had not been a miser, the other would have gone through life at a gallop, or rather, at a storm. His magnificent self-command had come from his setting out with the fixed resolve of dying worth a certain sum; or rather, of making a certain sum in time to enjoy it for a certain number of years before he died. For he was no fool; he did not treat the making and hoarding of money as an end. He fully meant some day to have his fling, and he preferred to have it at the latter end of life, when he should be able to afford it, rather than at the beginning, when he started upon Welstead a comparatively poor man, in whose eyes Tom Blackthorn was a millionaire. However, as the time went on, *crevit amor nummi*, passion gradually went to sleep, and when the sum at which he had aimed at the outset was made and saved even before the time, he found that he ought to have aimed at a few thousand more before he began to spend.

Yet, even in the best-planned life, though it be grasped with the firmest hand, something must happen to throw things out of gear. It may be a battle of Waterloo; it may be a pair of eyes. Enoch Marrish's Waterloo had been the pair of eyes. One day Patience Blackthorn came home from school; and all the passion which had been frozen as if to death in a bath of gold burst out into flame. Then, for the first time—after he had fought against the fire and had failed—he felt that he had put off beginning to live too long; that, in short, he would before long have to think of growing old. He tried to pay attentions—to "go courting" they called it there; but it was perfectly evident that the girl had not the least suspicion of his meaning. And, meanwhile, time was passing; every month he was a month older, while she seemed a month younger; and it was very plain that if he ever meant to live he must begin—and as a married man; the last thing that had ever entered his mind.

It would take long to tell how he tried to fight himself out of the desire to throw himself and his money-bags and his plans at the feet of a not particularly pretty child fresh from school, who knew nothing, it seemed, except how to laugh and how to spend. It would take longer to tell how, having been at last driven to conclude that love is fate, he took his policy from the spider, and, mesh by mesh, got that big fly, Leys Croft, first into his web and then between his claws. And then, by just five minutes, to have lost the game, and to a boy whose very existence he had well night forgotten—it was cruelly hard. Ninety-nine men out of a hundred would have broken the web and given up the game. Enoch Marrish was the hundredth man; and, whether visiting his fields or feeding himself with gruel, he had but one thought—how to weave the web anew, and a stronger one this time.

Not that Enoch Marrish had become so much passion's slave that he would really have paid away Leys Croft, the best farm in the country, as the price even for Patience Blackthorn. Mammon is not to be conquered by Cupid quite so far as that would go. His old web had been a scheme to gain both by one stroke; his new one also must gain both, and a good bit of revenge besides. But what, in the name of vengeance, was that plan to be? He could not see it for all his thinking; he only knew that it had to be done.

He had just swallowed his last mouthful of scalding gruel, and was scraping the saucepan, for the sake less of appetite than of principle, when a quick step came up the graveled path, and a radiant face came to the kitchen window.

"Marrish!" Stephen Harlow hailed him. "Are you very busy there? I want a word with you."

Enoch's impulse was to throw the saucepan at the fellow's head; but that would only have damaged a good saucepan, and done no good in any way. He never forgot anything; so he held his hand.

"Here I am. What's your word?"

"Why, that I'm to be married as soon as there's been time for the banns! You were the first to wish me joy, you know. I know your time's precious; but will you spare a morning for once, and be best man?"

"I?" He was really taken aback by such a request, considering what his thoughts had been.

"If you wouldn't mind. I can send for one to Millport; and, if I could, you've been so old a friend of my Patience that I'd sooner have you than any man anywhere. Say yes."

My Patience! Had the young lover taken and stabbed him, his heart could not have felt the dagger more sharply than such a word. However, he must not let even so much as a look hinder any scheme that he might form—must, form—within three weeks at the utmost; for what he had heard, was both sudden and terrible news.

"Yes, then! I will!" said he.

"Thank you, with all my heart, Marrish. I knew you would; and when you want it yourself, I'll do as much by you. I forget, though—a best man must be a bachelor. Why don't you do as I do, and get a Patience of your own?"

"Won't you come in? I have just had breakfast, or I'd offer you something. So you are getting a rich man, eh?"

"I've got my foot on the ladder. Fancy my coming just in the nick of time as I did—it looks like Providence, Marrish; it makes one see things clear that one never saw before! I wonder who the scoundrel was that wanted to buy my Patience. You know, of course—of course, I shan't ask, but I should like you to tell him, when you see him, before he tries to buy a girl at market again, to ask her if she wants to be sold. The scoundrel—the cold-blooded brute—it makes my blood boil. I hope I shan't ever know; for I don't want to be bothered with having to leather a cur. But never mind him. No, thank you—I can't come in now. I'm off to Hunchester, and as I'm on Shanks' mare, I musn't play by the way."

"To Hunchester? Law business? Lucky you can afford it. I'm my own lawyer—"

"Not this time," said Stephen, with a laugh, which raised in Enoch the devil of murder. "I'm going to buy a ring."

"A ring?" asked Enoch—rather stupidly, it must be owned.

"*The* ring!"

He nodded good-day, and went off whistling a tune. There had not been a happier man in England last night; there was none so happy this bright morning in the world. He had paid back his benefactor tenfold; he was young and strong; his employers had such faith in him that they would make sacrifices to keep him; he was well up on the ladder of fortune; he had not, so far as he knew, a single foe; he was in good-fellowship with all the world; he had won the girl of his heart—no wonder that his soul sang within him as he marched along Hunchester road. "The ring, and what shall the posy be? There must be a posy; though it's not the mode in Millport—but hang the mode! Patience must keep to her sweet country ways. I wonder what she'll think of that big town—how she will open her blue eyes! What wonderful things I thought the tall chimneys were when I first came. She'll get on with Mrs. Preston, safe enough; I'm glad she'll have a lady friend. We'll take one of those little houses in Washburn; one of those gardens would be just the thing for the old man to prowl about in and watch the pease grow. Fancy coming home every day from the office and finding Patience looking out for me in a house of our own. And we can get a bigger one in time—perhaps a real country place at last, with a big garden and a bit of farm besides, when Leys Croft's clear. I must get rich enough, anyway, to buy it from Dick Blackthorn, poor chap, if he ever turns up again. We must try to find him now. If he's really been in nothing worse than a scrape, Prestons & Harlow might give him a try. He used to be a smart young chap; and it would please Patience—that's the great thing. Why, if things go on like this, I shall be Mayor of Mill port before I've done. Patience—Lady Harlow; why not; and who knows? But she's got to be made happy; really and truly happy; I wonder if I can—I wonder—but as she was singing to us last night: 'Love will find out the way.' By the Lord Harry! if there isn't the very posy for the ring as pat as can be: 'Love will find out the way!'"

With such thoughts as these, the happiest young fellow in England, with one thought for himself and two for others, shortened the way to Hunchester, the county town. It was a dull place enough, except on Thursday, which was market-day. To-day, however, was Tuesday—the normally dullest day in all the seven. It was therefore with some surprise that, as he went along Westgate street towards the Cross, he came upon the tail of a little crowd, mostly of boys and girls from the back alleys, but with others among them hurrying in the same direction as he, and shouting, while the corners were blocked up by knots of women, and the tradesmen were, by one consent, standing at their doors.

"What's up to-day?" Stephen asked one of these.

"Oh, 'tis only the soldiers," answered the man. "A regiment on the march—bound for foreign service against old Boney, I hear say. I wish, for my part, they'd gone another road; the red-coats do a sight more harm than good, unless they stay for a month—that's another pair of shoes. Do you want anything in my line, this line day? Hark—there they go!"

As the shop-keeper spoke, fifes and drums far down the street shrilled and rattled into the "The British Grenadiers." Stephen could see the glittering points of the bayonets; and the ragged tail of the march broke out into a cheer.

"Poor fellows!" thought he. "And men among them with Patiences of their own, no doubt; it makes one ashamed to be happy when one thinks of war. And I might have had to beat a drum or carry a musket myself if it hadn't been for old Tom Blackthorn. To think that I should have been able to pay him back for half he's done—it seems like a dream. But for the better half; no, that's beyond paying." He stepped into the best watchmaker and jeweler's in the town. "I want a gold ring—quite plain," said he, with more of shyness than a man of mark in Millport ought to have felt when condescending to make a purchase in deadalive Hunchester.

But the man did not smile. Whatever he might have felt once on his own account, he had become callous to such things; even plain gold rings were only in the way of trade. So he pulled out a drawerful, large and small, real gold and sham, thick and thin.

Stephen had already, with his measuring tape, marked upon his own little finger the point where the right ring should go to fit the finger it was made for. Having chosen the thickest and the best, he was about to order it to be engraved on its inner surface with the posy he had chosen, when his eye was caught by another, which he had rejected for being, perhaps, half a shade less thick than the other, and which happened to to be already engraved.

He took it up to read, and he started to see the words—

"*Love will find out the way.*"

There was, of course, nothing wonderful to find any common posy on any common ring. But it so singularly (as he fancied) leaped with his own thoughts as he had come along the road, that the finger of Fate seemed to be pointing out the one ring in the world for the finger of Patience Blackthorn. The very words he had thought of—the words of her own very song; and as it were writing themselves for him, without going through the cold-blooded process of being engraved. It was as though his own thoughts had flown before him to the shop, and had stamped themselves, fresh from his heart, upon the ring. Lovers are always finding such adventures, and always thinking them peculiar to themselves.

"I will take this," said he. The jeweler, who seemed a taciturn fellow, nodded, as if bridegroom's fancies were matters of course, and the purchase was made.

"It was really a very wonderful thing," thought Stephen. "It seems too strange to believe—finding a ring with just those very words. I'm glad—there must be something out of the common in this ring; just as there's something out of the common in the whole story. I shouldn't have believed such a story if I'd been told. Still, though, when one comes to think of it, it isn't likely Patience Blackthorn would be married with a common ring."

That was the whole of Stephen's business in Hunchester that day. Having had some cold meat and a glass of ale, for his walk had made him hungry, he set off to return to Leys Croft by the same road he had come. But he had not reached the fifth milestone when it occurred to him that, as he was taking a holiday from his holiday, he might as well go home by way of the church where he was to be married. Of course he had seen the church of his native village many hundred times before; but then it had been only a common steeple, now it was to become a sacred building indeed.

To get to Leys Croft by way of the church one had to leave the road, as I have said, the fifth stone from the town, and follow a path that led through some open fields to the top of some low hills, whence on one side one could see the lazy smoke and the minster tower of Hunchester, and a broad river beyond; on the other, the network of low, wooded slopes and narrow valleys in which were hidden Leys Croft and Welstead, and many another ancient farm! His back turned to the minster and river, Stephen looked toward the woods and pastures, all in their gold and green, and smiling as if the landscape were alive and lapped in the utmost luxury of peace and verdure. The chimneys and the turmoil of Millport had broken his familiarity with the view, and he was able to regard the scenes in which he had been born and bred, and had learned to love, with traveled eyes. It seemed impossible with such a prospect before him, to remember that the world was at war, and that other prospects, just as peaceful of right, and as ready to smile with fruit and harvest, were at that very hour, maybe, the background of waste and carnage. Stephen knew all that, as every Englishman knew it, with his mind, but only in the way we know things with which we have no real concern. Probably it would never have entered his mind at all had it not been for that morning's momentary glimpse of glittering steel and rattle of drums.

He followed the path down the other side of the hill, and vaulted over a church stile into a field that sloped down to a running stream shrouded in bushes and boughs. It was crossed by the most primitive of bridges, a single loose plank, while the beaches sloped down to the water, making Lilliputian cliffs and sands. It was here that Stephen, ages ago, had made his first attempts at angling, with a string and a crooked pin—how infinite long ago it all seemed! For old time's sake, he could not pass the bridge without just one more scramble into the recesses of the copse whence the brown water came sparkling out into the sunshine.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOUSE SLOPS.

An Excellent Way of Making a Drain for Their Removal.

Country houses are rarely supplied with such conveniences for removing the house "slops" as are desirable, not to say absolutely essential, from a sanitary point of view. The sink-drain from the house pump, if there is one, gets foul and clogged, sometimes several times in a year, and has to be dug up and cleaned out. An open gutter is filthy, smells badly, taints the butter, breeds flies and makes folks ill. Slops thrown around the door are, if possible, as much worse than the drain as the space slopped over is larger and closer to the house. The remedy is a covered drain of some kind, to carry the slops to a distance, where they may be economized. They ought never to be thrown into the pump-sink, but into an open receptacle from which the drain flows. A very good way, which has commended itself to the writer, is to have a receiver not less than a foot square, laid up of brick, in cement, altogether about four feet deep. Out of this, from about the middle, the drain bows, also laid in brick (though one of oak boards will last a long time), and into which, a little below the middle, the water pipe from the pump-sink enters. The foul water thrown in will deposit its sediment and flow off tolerably clear by the drain, while the mouth of the sink-pipe, being below the surface of the water, admits of no foul air passing back to the house. It is easy to clear out the sentiment in the receiver with a post-hole spoon, and to flush the drain by pouring a tub-full of water at a time into the receiver. The top of the receiver should be protected by a grating or a lid. To prevent foul air drawing up the drain, as it will often do, a U-trap of tile may be placed near the receiver. The trap should be underground, the top being level with, or raised a little above, the surface of the ground.—*American Agriculturist.*

—A German experimenter, Prof. E. Wollny, has found that soil covered with living herbage or dead vegetable matter is colder in summer and warmer in winter than bare soil under otherwise similar conditions. The difference of temperature is greater in summer and least in spring and autumn. Bare soil heats more quickly in the spring and cools more quickly in the autumn than that covered with living or dead vegetable matter.

—The favorite attitude of a bat when at rest is that of suspension by the claws, with head downward.

Seven Wise Men Baffled.

The N. Y. *Morning Journal* says that Mrs. F. G. Kellogg, 50 E. 86th St., was partially paralyzed, and lay for seven days in convulsions. Physicians were engaged and discharged until seven had failed to help or cure her. She was unable to leave her bed, and was as helpless as a child. After using all sorts of salves, ointments, lotions and plasters, her case was given up as hopeless. She was induced to try St. Jacobs Oil as a last chance. She began to improve from the time the first application was made, and by its continued use, she has completely recovered.

IF a woman throws her shoe into a narrow street, does it turn into an alley-gaiter?"—*Attleboro Advocate.*

How Women Differ from Men.

At least three men on the average jury are bound to disagree with the rest just to show that they've got minds of their own; but there is no disagreement among the women as to the merits of Dr. Pierce's "*Favorite Prescription.*" They are all unanimous in pronouncing it the best remedy in the world for all those chronic diseases, weaknesses and complaints peculiar to their sex. It transforms the pale, haggard, dispirited woman, into one of sparkling health, and the ringing laugh again "reigns supreme" in the happy household.

MY son, in the battle of life be sure you eat all you want, for it is by that you can work your weigh up.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Human Calves.

An exchange says: "Nine-tenths of the unhappy marriages result from human calves being allowed to run at large in society pastures." Nine-tenths of the chronic or lingering diseases of to-day originate in impure blood, liver complaint or biliousness, resulting in scrofula consumption (which is but scrofula of the lungs), sores, ulcers, skin diseases and kindred affections. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" cures all these. Of Druggists.

A CAPITAL crime—well, kissing is about as good as any of them, if we admit that kissing is a crime.—*Somerville Journal.*

Young Men, Read This.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for 30 days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor, and manhood guaranteed. No risk incurred, as 30 days' trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet, free.

AN angry nation—Indig-nation. A submissive nation—Resig-nation. A lazy nation—Procrasti-nation.

• • • • The worst pile tumors cured in ten days, rupture in one month. Pamphlet two (3ct.) stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

HE—"I see the latest idiocy of women is to have a monkey for a pet." She—"That is not new. It was so when we got married."—*Boston Transcript.*

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in 1 minute, 25c. *Glenn's Sulphur Soap* heals and beautifies. 25c. GERMAN CORN REMOVER kills Corns & Bunions.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES will relieve Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Consumptive and Throat Diseases. *They are used always with good success.*

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, March 16.		
FLOUR—Extra Ohio	$3 00 @	$5 25
WHEAT—Red Winter	91 @	92
No. 1 White	90½@	91
CORN—No. 2	51½@	51½
OATS—Mixed Western	38 @	39
PORK—Mess	13 50 @	13 75
LARD—Prime steam	7 20 @	7 25
BUTTER—Western	19 @	22
CHEESE—Ohio	8 @	11½
EGGS—Western	24½@	25
CATTLE	5 00 @	6 60
SHEEP	4 25 @	6 00
HOGS	5 20 @	5 70
CLEVELAND.		
FLOUR—Country XX White	3 25 @	3 50
Minnesota patent	5 50 @	6 00
Amber	4 50 @	4 75
WHEAT—No. 2	85 @	88
CORN—New	47 @	48
OATS—No. 1	36 @	38
CHEESE—Choice Factory	13½@	14
Ohio dairy	12 @	12½
BUTTER—Choice	20 @	22
EGGS	12 @	21
POTATOES	45 @	55
SEEDS—Timothy	1 50 @	1 60
Clover	5 15 @	5 25
CINCINNATI.		
FLOUR—Family	$3 50 @	$3 80
WHEAT	85 @	97
CORN	45½@	46
RYE	67½@	68
OATS	34 @	35
BUTTER	20 @	34
HOGS—Common to light	3 85 @	5 00
Packing	4 00 @	5 15
TOLEDO.		
WHEAT—No. 1 White	@	
No 2 Red Winter	78½@	79
CORN—High Mixed	@	
No. 2	43½@	45
OATS—No. 2	32 @	33
BUFFALO.		
BEEVES—Best	$5 35 @	$5 50
Medium	5 00 @	5 25
SHEEP—Common	3 25 @	3 50
Choice	4 00 @	4 65
HOGS—Common to fair	5 00 @	5 25
Heavy	5 15 @	5 30
PITTSBURGH.		
BEEVES—Best	$5 75 @	$6 00
Medium	5 00 @	5 50
SHEEP—Best	4 40 @	4 60
Medium	3 75 @	4 00
HOGS—Yorkers	5 00 @	5 15
Philadelphias	5 15 @	5 25
PHILADELPHIA.		
WOOL—Unwashed	26 @	28
Pulled	25 @	26